A Fancy From Fontanelle.

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud, And she laughed in the pride of her youthful As she thought of the Gardener stunding "He is old-so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air, And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare; And she laughed once more when she heard his tread— "He is older now. He will soon be dead?"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed
the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme, For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time -Austin Dobson in July Century.

A MAN OF HONOR.

Colonel Skerrett, Major Marsh, and Captain Pickering were sitting in their room at the Hotel Anglais, Paris. They were Americans on their travels, all three rough-looking down-easters, who had gone through the worst fire of the sivil war. Dr. Vicaire, surgeon in the crench army, was standing in front of them, regarding them with a severe

"I come to denounce to you as you have insult my friend, M. le Lieutenant Foulon. He demand ze satisfaction," said Dr. Vicaire, particularly addressing Colonel Skerrett. "You have kick his dog. You write apology, ver goot. You write no apology, you choose ze-ze-ah! vat you call l'arme-ze."

"Weepons," said Major Marsh, coming to his assistance. Dr. Vicaire

"Apologize for kicking his darned cur!" shouted the Colonel. "What did it come snapping and barking at my heels for? I would kick Mr. Foolong himself if he did that."

"Ah!" replied the doctor, "ver goo Insult additional;" and he blew h nose like a flourish of trumpets. Colonel Skerrett was as brave a man as

ever stood in boots, but besides his conscientious objections to a duel, the cause of quarrel was so ludierous that he only answered with a burst of

laughter.

"Ah!" said the Doctor, calmly, but reddening. "Insult tree." And he took a prodigious pinch of snuff.

The three friends looked at each other.

other. Major Marsh took the word. "My friend will allow me to act for him. We have the choice of weapons?"

"Then I choose them that nature provided. Fists?"
"Feest!" said the doctor, pondering. "You mean ze-ze-

Major Marsh explained in panto-

mime. 'Sirt' eried the flery doctor, "you make ze game of me! I see you after my friend have ze satisfaction."
"Don't get so hot, now. What do you say to stuffed clubs in a darke ed room?"

It took a long time to make the doctor understand this proposition but when he did he rejected it with onstantly increasing wrath. Cr Pickering suggested a rough tumble in a pit—kiek, scratch claw, and gouge. Major Marsh to an excellent way of settling the culty would be for the two adve to go into shallow water and see could draw the other. Finally, nel Skorrett suggested that they bring a keg of powder on the five lots; and whichever lost should ould on the keg and apply the cigar had just been smoking to a hole in the Dr. Vicaire tore his bair and re one and all.

"Why," said the Major, to me that we haven't got this

"66. a. weepon, yes! But this weapon. Swords, dagger, gun-zey all weapon. But ze stol. ze feest, ze clap rempli, or vat y ze stuff clups- en, monsieur!" wortey Doctor stamped with r "Doctor," said the Major ietly.

"the last suggestion of Colone Skerrett is one that has been acted n. in at least one case in one of the S States of America. If you wants an out and out dood, } ill accept the offer of a barrel of p der them conditions. If he only foolin' with the matter t he is blaze away at each other her . an hour and shoot nothing pigs. When we du a thing but the pigs. When we du a thin States we du it." "Sir!" shrieked Vicaire wit

trated rage. "You coward, you pol-troon, secirat! I post you in zecafe, ze hotel. I and my friend whiplyou with oncenze-eh!-ze whip of ze horse!" an he rushed from the room, swinging his hat frantically in one hand and plucking at his hair with the other.

Left to themselves, the thr friends laughed heartily. As for the threat of personal chastisement, Major Marsh alone looked strong bough to horsewhip the National Gurd if it were called out. For the pos ng in the ng. They e begineafes they cared exactly not chatted and smoked and w ning to forget the whole affin But an hour later the nounced "M. Lieutenant F

M. Foulan advanced into dressing Colonel Skerrett, Flic in perfeet English:

"I have just seen my friend Vicaire. Possibly he misunderstood. From what he told me, I understand that what he told me, I understand that you made propositions which no gentleman would make. Therefore you are no gentleman. It remains to be seen if you are a coward as well. I am aware that your last proposition is a mode of the duello practiced in some parts of your country. Of that my

parts of your country. Of that my friend Vicaire was ignoral. Although the practice is irregul consideration, and your proposal of a ke the specified cond collige me by nam place."

'Say to-morrow after the property of the practice of the property of the practice of the

afternoon. I reckon Plessis, on the road wood of and you

Plessis, on the road quiet enough place. Is keg of powder for will supply the one "Very well, sir," ing. "I shall be the rigidly adhered eight which one has to the open hole in

"Precisely," answered the Colonel. presume,' said the Lieutenant. with a sinister smile, "that in any event the service of a doctor or sur-

"I am sure of that," said the Colonel.

Foulon left the room, and when he had gone Colonel Skerrett said. "I'll fight this here devil, but I ain't gwine to be blowed to atoms, nor I gwine to let that there fool blow himself to atoms." The three friends took measures accordingly.

The next day, at the appointed time. the five men, all smoking vigorously, were on the ground. Each party had brought its powder-keg along. Major and Dr. Vicaire tossed up. The Major wor.

Foulon turned ghastly pale, but walked firmly to the keg which the Americans had brought and sat down on it. It was an ordinary eider keg, and Major Marsh knocked out the bung. All then retired to a safe distance except the Colonel, who remained standing by Evaluate side. The latter standing by Foulon's side. The latter, down whose livid face the sweat was rolling, took his eigar from his mouth and advanced it, still glowing, to the open bung-hole.

open bung-hole.

"Hold on there," said the Colonel,
"that ere eigar is lit."
"Certainly it is," gasped Foulon, his
lips quivering in spite of himself.
"Well," said the Colonel with a grin,

'you be'nt such a darned fool as to put a lighted eigar into a keg of powder, be you? When was you born?" "Sir," replied the lieutenant, vainly

endeavoring to hold the eigar motionless in his shaking hand. "I have given my word that it I lost the toss-up I should put this lir eigar-

"Hold on; you didn't say lit."
"Well, the eigar I was smoking."

"Put it out then."

"Sir, you have run the risk that I ran. I have lost, and I but do as you would have done. I will put this lighted eigar into this bung-hole--''
"Put in the chawed-up end, then."

"You insult me again, sir!"
"Bless your heart! You fire up a darned sight easier than this ere powder ever will. Do you think that I would put the burning end of a cigar into the bung-hole of a keg full of pow-der? Great Jerusalem?"

"I have told you again, and I repeat it, that you are no gentleman. But I-I am a man of honor. Bah! You shall see me die as one. I keep my prom-

Foulon slowly advanced the burning eigar toward the opening in the keg beneath.

"Go away here, you shall be kill!" shouted Vicaire to the Colonel; but the latter remained quietly beside the victim. Vicaire covered his face with his hands, and waited for the awful moment which was to blow his friend to atoms. There was a dead silence, and then a slight hiss was heard. Vicaire looked up. Foulon, his face purple with rage, was holding his eigar, repeatedly poking it into the bung-hole. The Colonel was one broad grin. "Is this powder?" asked Foulon.

"Tooth powder," answered the Co-

lonel; "cost almighty."
"But," said Foulon, said Foulon, shaking with rage instead of fear, "if you had lost the toss-up our keg was full of gun-powder. What then?"

"I'd have put the cigar out before I put it in," said the Colonel.
"Ah!" murmured Foulon.

"Or stuck in the chewed-up end. Hold on to the terms you know

Foulon calmly walked to his carriage. He and Vicaire hoisted in their keg of gunpowder and followed it themselves.

"Sir!" shouted Foulon to the Colonel, "I said you were no gentleman. I say now you are a coward."

La Coloner smiled. For three days the friends walked about Paris and saw both Foulon and Vicaire several times. They were not posted in the cafes, for the Frenchmen feared the storm of ridicule which a knowledge of the grotesque duel would bring upon them. Neither were they horsewhipped, for Vicaire argued that they would probably retaliate, and in such a case the whipping would be on-ly a modified form of the duel a la clup

On the fourth day after this "duel" the three friends happened to be on one of the large and beautiful steamboats carrying excursions down the Seine. Colonel Skerrett, like a consistent Yankee, was in the pilot house, watching the working of the wheel. He came down afterward and sauntered back to where his two friends were standing. Near them were no less individuals than Foulon and Vicaire. Neither party addressed the other. The boat was in the middle of the river. For a long distance on either side the banks were straight, and the tide was flowing directly down the middle channel. denly arose a cry of fire. A wild stam-pede of passengers in the bow of the boat was made toward the stern, and Foulon, who was standing near an opening in the railing was thrown from his balance. As he was falling overbeard the Colonel stretched out his long arm, grasped him by the collar and pulled him in again. The Frenchman's hat had fallen off. The Colonel picked it up, and with a friendly smile handed it to his late adversary. Fou-

lon colored up and said engerly: Colonel Skerrett, I beg your pardon. You are a gentleman."

In the meantime the panic increased. Ali the bow of the boat was in a bright blaze, and the fire reached the pilothouse. The pilot rushed out with singed beard and eyebrows, and the boat slowly drifted down the stream. The colonel caught hold of the pilot and dragged him to Foulon.

which truk is the safest to land on, and tell me." "He says the right one," answered Foulon. "But the boat can not be managed. The wheel must be on fire."

Without a word of reply the Colonel plowed his way through the shricking crowd, leaped up the steps of the pilothouse and soized the wheel. There he stood, the flames rearing about him, the crowd shricking beneath him, steadily steering teward the right bank. Fourlou shuddered at the exhibition of simple, superhuman courage. The bank was, reached. The crowd, selfsh and crazed with fear, rushed to land. The Major and the Captain struggled ap

the burning steps of the pilot-house, followed by Foulon and Vivaire. They dragged the Colonel out through the flames, bore him to the bank, and applied restoratives. He was less injured than might have been supposed, and at length opened his eyes.

"Oh, Colonel Skerrett!" cried Foulon, with tears in his eyes, "your pardon, your pardon! You are a brave man and a man of honor."
"The Colonel," said Captain Picker-

ing, can swim like an otter. He could have crossed the creek a hundred times without stopping. "Fists," said Major Marsh, "are no

weapons, perhaps. Well, pistols are. The Colonel can knock the center of a five-cent piece spun in the air at lifty "I will never fight a duel again,"

"And I never call one man ze coward for not light of ze duel," "Is all the women safe?" asked the Colonel. - Frederick W. Avory, in The

murmured Foulon.

Inter Ocean.

How to Induce Sleep.

Until recently I have not been able to secure much sleep on the first night of a railway journey, and It may be an advantage to many travelers to know how the inability was overcome. An excess of blood in the brain prevents How to remove the surplus is the problem for the unfortunates who wish to sleep but cannot. A pump is needed for the purpose, and it may easily be provided as follows: Having assumed the usual position of repose, inhale and exhale slowly and steadily long breaths, devoting the whole atexhalation of exactly the same length. The length should be much greater than that of ordinary breathing, al-though not sufficient to disturb the circulation by working the lungs to their utmost capacity. Any person who has force of will enough to concentrate his whole attention on the maintenance of this style of breathing can compel sleep in very unfavorable circumstances, and victims of insomnia should

The value of the method is not solely in its holding the mind to one object of thought, but the process of breathing here described is really equivalent to the insertion of a pump to draw off its excess of blood. To convince yourself that this is so, fill your lungs with all the air that they will hold, and then expel it, repeating the operation three or four times as rapidly as possible, the result will be a feeling of faintness, unless you are other than an ordinary mortal, and its cause will be a deficiency of blood in the brain, produced by the pumping process. Such violent breathing will not, induce sleep, however, as there is a reaction which sends the life current rushing back to the seat of the mind. Scientists say that the reason why fear, surprise or any other sudden emotion often causes faintness is because it rapidly drives the blood from the brain, and the fact is significant for those who wish to understand how to induce sleep, whether on the railway train or in their beds at home, by pumping the excess of blood from their brains by a peculiar method of breathing.—New York Mail and Ex-

An Old-Time School-Master.

there was a remarkable old schoolmaster, whose name was Christopher Dock. For three days he taught school at Salloru.

the father of his pupil to give his son a to the calm and cheerful penny, and also asked his mother to honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were line rewards. At various other points in ture-July Atlantic. his progress, an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had ben would give a ticket carefully written This read: "Industrious-one penny." This showed that the scholar was now

really received into the school. There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse

Nicholas for July.

Aryan mythology, which represents a dog as saumoning the departing soul, Throughout all Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night wind with their howling dogs, gathering into their throng the souls of those just dying as they pass by their houses.

I knew an old fellow out West who horse's hoof scraped his coat and ripped the cloth. It was a decidedly inhad mortgages on a whole town-a small town - who made it a condismall town — who made it a condi-tion of his loan that the buildings burry that he saved his life, so his sol-should be painted red. That was a funny-looking village. There were about thirty houses and stores and a large factory and a bridge—all red. The people in neighboring towns made The people in neighboring towns made lots of fun over it and the place was finally known as Redfown

LITERARY LIFE. Conditions of Literary Life in England and America.

The conditions of the literary life in America are less determined than they are in England. The only organization within which authorship may be said to find substantial shelter is journalism, and this profession is so exacting and so inimical to most forms of literature, that those who have most serious thoughts of the literary life are rather desirous of escaping from journalism than of using it as a vantage-ground. It might seem at first blush as if the universities and colleges would offer a desirable fastness from which to send out ventures in literature; but the academic life is a somewhat sterile one: it is with us so identified with the pedagogic that the energies of the professor, if they move the production of books, are most likely to be occupied with the tools of the profession. Textbooks in abundance issue every year from college faculties, but very fow contributions to humane literature. The academic life again is so specialized that even the professor of English literature rarely produces work upon which his successor or associate may comment. His attitude toward the subject of his teaching is too critical to allow him much freedom of mind, and he is besides so conscious of his posi-tion that he is undermined in his resolution, and rendered abnormally sensitive to the criticism of others as well as of himself.

The constitution of the English universities, on the other hand, directly encourages and sustains the literary life. This is not to say that literature in its freest expression is not there, as here, outside the walls of the college, but that a man of literary taste and ambition may deliberately possess himself of academic situations which will make it possible for him to lead a literary life, free from fret and carking care; and also that the prizes for scholarship offered by the universities distinctly suggest to the student literary occupation. A man, in other words, with fortune enough to secure him a university education, may hope to win Fellowship which will demand only slight academic duties, leaving him free to devote himself to literature; and a student devoted to learning who falls into such a place will, by the very force of his own nature, be urged into literary production. Thus the university, by a provision which enlarges the scope of university life, is more than a training-school for immature minds; it is a society of scholars, and as such, directly encourages and sustains the

only English organization which fosters literature and makes a vantage-ground for the man of letters. it is demonstrably more efficient in this respect than its American congener, so the civil service of England has offered a more convenient shelter for the litterateur than the same service in America. Our government, indeed, has not been slow to recognize authors, but it has been chiefly in the way of rewards in diplomatic service for those who have already won a certain distinction. Now and then, notably in the case of the New York Custom House, government offices have served as means to hardworking literary men, but the general insecurity which has hitherto attached to this employment and the peril to A hundred and fifty years ago, among ments have hindered such men from counting upon this resource. One of one's self-respect in seeking appointthe probable results of a service organized upon the merit system is the attraction to it of men capable of clerkly at a little place called Skippack, and labor, but chiefly ambitious of literary then for the three next days he taught fame. The freedom from concern which enables one to lay aside his business mind, like an office coat, when ars succeeded in learning his A B C, the clock strikes three, and don the the good Christopher Dock required literary habit, is especially necessary penny, and also asked his mother to literature. Such a state of things excook two eggs for him as a treat in ists in London to-day, and may be confidently predicted of Washington, New York, and other cities, in the near fu-

A Donkey Goes Up With a Balloon. "If I were to tell you that I saw an immense balloon once go up on Chest-nut street, with a live donkey hanging below the car and a man or the back of the animal, you would probably diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, headed friend to me yesterday. "Tell would give a ticket earefully written or illuminated with his own hand. I replied. "It was nearly thirty years ago. Balloon ascensions were quite common then in Philadelphia. had a number of local geronauts-the Wises, Puseys, Kings and Donaldsons -and every once in a while a foreign professor would arrive in town and make things lively. Where Frank Siddal now has his office on Chestnut street, above Tenth, was located Parkinson's famous gardens, and it was from there that the balloon ascended without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a lazy the balloon slowly ascended. He was strapped around the body very secure-The funniest of Dock's rewards was ly and as he arose the band played, that which he gave to those who made the people should and laughed, and no mistake in their lessons. He marked the man on his back, who, I think, was the people shouted and laughed, and a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!—Edward Eggleston, in St. ed downward while he went heaven-He sailed away to West Phila-The superstition which associates the dog's howl with the approach of death is probably derived from the altitude of 8,000 feet."—Philadelphia Times.

The New York Times says that Gen. Sheridan's little accident while out driving lately recalls another narrow escape he had during the later days of the War, when suddenly tripped up one day he stumbled and foll beneath a stallion's feet in camp and was fiercely formal rolling over the ground in a burry that he saved his life, so his solpose was scarcely of more consequence to Pullip lamseit. German Customs.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, traveling in Germany, writes: It was a warm, still, summer Sunday -it often seems as though nature was more peacefully disposed on that day than on others—when we sallied forth to scale the Appolinarisberg. This hill is crowned with a four-towered Gothic church adorned with fres-coes. Some sort of religious feast day was being observed on the Appolinaris-berg. Pilgrims, who haunt the place and have done so since Appolinaris's head was buried here, were ascending the road in their best attire, and bowing and kneeling at the stations of the

cross placed beside the way. Flags fluttered about the terrace that the church stands on, and crowds were entering the edifice. We stepped in, glanced at the fine frescoes, heard the organ, and would have attended a little of the service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a service is a service if a man heal and service is a service if a service is a service is a service if a service is a service if a service is a service is a service is a service is a service in a service is a service i of the service if a man had not crept up to us and expressed a determination to have fees. We concluded then that the Rhine was better worthy of our atten-Fees everywhere. Oh, the curse of them! In churches, in galleries, in palaces, in museums, in railroad sta-tions, in restaurants—fees! fees! fees! You pay them to the army and the navy, the clergy reach for them, nobility and even royalty sends its lackeys after them; guides, porters, clerks, landlords, loungers, train hands, policemen, drivers, customs officers— confound the beggars! Peasants were gossiping about the terrace, looking so picturesque and so like figures out of the grand opera in their Sunday dress that we half unconsciously put our hands in our pockets to pay for that exhibition, too, but we were not as-

On the contrary, they made way for us beside them on the wall that prevented visitors from rolling down the steep hill into town, and then stared at our modern clothes as curiously as we never pays his bills and that his conlooked at their quaint, unhandsome costumes. There was a spring up there, too, and nobody on hand to collect fees from the drinkers, so the Undaunted who thought it Appolinaris water, and who surmised that the barkeeper in attendance had stepped in to hear mass and was liable to emerge at any moment and charge him half a dollar, drank himself almost into an illness. There was a reason, nowever, for this seeming abnormal thirst. In Europe the water is generally bad, and ice is to be had by none except the ice is to be had by none except the rich, so that beer and wine, being good is with us; but for real thirst there is no such pallative as water, and beer and wine seemed only to augment our drouthy condition.

The university, however, is not the Whenever we found water that was not green with stagnation, yellow with drainage, or gray with mud, we im-bibed it with the tremulous eagerness of topers. There is good water in the Scotch hills, the Welch mountains, the English lake district, some of the Khenish highlands and the Alps. We found it bad elsewhere, and no trouble see ms to be taken to purify the supply of the towns. Among the things that we tenderly dwelt upon when, far from home and friends, we talked of joys that awaited our return, were ice water and pie. Water is regarded by the European—not every European, either as good for washing purposes, while as to pies, he is as ignorant of that seductive viand as he is of buckwheat.

—There seems to be something in Wock attempted to jump from a buggy, which the frightened horse was backing into a ditch, when she feil between the ductive viand as he is of buckwheat. ductive viand as he is of buckwheat cakes, sherry cobblers, or political lib-

Well- it is underiable that women are mighty deceptive. They had an adventuress in the Tombs. She had robbed a man of his pocket-book. Her lawyer told her of his fear that her record as a professional thief would be produced in court by the police, in which case it would go hard with her, although the direct evidence against her in the present case was slight, the loser of the money having been so befogged by intoxication at the time of the robbery that he could remember nothing distinctly. The thief took the hint. She sent away the fashionable clothes in which she had been arrested, and put on the cheap and plain cos-tume of a working girl. She knew the habit of magistrates in New York, beginning with the once famous Justice Joe Dowling, of looking at the hands of prisoners for marks of honest toil by which they might profess to get a liv-ing. So she obtained some fresh leaves tobacco, stained her soft, white hands with the juice, and also imparted to her clothes the aroma of the

"This gentleman is mistaken," she whimppered when arraigned; "I am an honest, hard-working girl.

"Come up here!" commanded Justice Duffy severely. Show me your hands.' She obeyed, with a manner of being astonished by the proceeding. Her yellowed hands were reluctantly extended across the desk. The scent of tobacco grose.

"I work every day rolling cigars," she persisted. "Prisoner discharged!" was the decision. -N. Y., Cor. Buffalo Expres.

The light of the sun is estimated to qual in quantity 1,575,000,000,000,-0,000,000,000,000 candles, the light's intensity at the sun's surface being 180,000 that of candle flame, 5,300 times that of metal in a Bessemer converter, 141 times that of a calcium light, or 314 times that of an electric arc. The temperature, according to Rosetti, is about 18,000 degrees Fahr. The mechanical equivalent of the solar radiation, continually acting, is nearly 10,000 horse-power per square foot of solar surface.

As Sam Jordan, a colored man, was exploring around the foundation of the old Spanish lighthouse on Anatasia Island, near St. Augustine, Fla., a few days ago, he discovered, while digging away some rocks and earth, the skele ton of a man, apparently well-preserved, and standing in an upright posi-tion, looking seaward. As this lighthouse was erected by the Spaniards about 1785, and this man's bones were found some twenty or more feet below the surface, or directly under the foun-dation, the question is, how did it get there and in this creet position? GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

of Interest, Gathered from Various Quarters.

The smallpox is on the increase in Montreal and is spreading to adjacent

-Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice and her husband have gone to Balmoral. -The King of Bavaria is

placed under guardianship, as he is undoubtedly insanc. -An expulsion of Polish subjects

from Austria has been begun. All classes alike are expelled. -Ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton,

of New York, died suddenly at his desk in Buffalo, on Tuesday. -Many houses and other buildings

—An earthquake shock was felt through the Canary Islands on Thursday, but no damage was reported.

-There has been a remarkable falling off in the importation of diamonds into the United States within the past

-After losing 80 of their 120 men. the Portuguese African exploring expedition found the sources of the Lualaba River.

-All the emblems of mourning for General Grant have been removed from the public buildings in New York and Washington.

-Mr. Alex. Vogelsang, of Philadelphia, is about to astonish the world with a flying machine with fans two feet long instead of wings. -President Cleveland has not yet

returned from his summer vacation. The report that his health was failing turns out to be groundless. -The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher

gregation are trying to get rid of him. -The Pennsylvania Prohibitionists in a convention of three hundred and fifty delegates, nominated a straightout

Prohibition candidates for State treasurer. -The people of Ohio vote at the next election for an amendment to the November.

-There is no falling off in the ravages of the cholera in Spain. The daily average of deaths is nearly fifand cheap, are common drinks, as tea | teen hundred, and of new cases nearly five thousand.

-Col. John S. Mosby, late United States consul to Hong Kong, has been presented with a silver cup and an address by the Chinese merchants of San Francisco.

-The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat says that the correspondence of President hurt. Cleveland in reference to the unfit judge is bogus.

become necessary to provide a place of deposit for them.

-H. H. Day a Chippewa chief, while en range

aut last week. Wis Taken from a train at a way station, and so brutally beaten that he is not expected to recover. -The commissioner in lunacy re ports that McCullough, the actor, is a

decrepit old man, in a condition of hopeless lunacy, and that his death is only a question of a few months. -The grand jury of Buncombe county, North Carolina, have returned true bills against William H. and E. P.

Jones, father and son, for the murder of the Joyce family of four in April -A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., reports that six passengers were fatally injured in an accident, on Friday morning, on Bayon Pierre. The

engineer, tireman and a brakeman were

-A Philadelphia man asserts that he —A Philadelphia man asset May, alsaw Preller in that city in May, alsaw Preller in that city identity. Maxthough he denied his identity. well's claim that the so-called murder was an insurance dodge may yet be Baptist church a few days ago, and the congregation, mistaking it for hydro-

-John Hughes, a New York peddler, who wished to commit suicide, adopted the novel plan of throwing a stone in the air and letting it fall on his bare head. The police stopped him before he succeded.

-Secretary Bayard wants a consul for St. Paul de Loando, on the west coast Africa, at a salary of \$1,000. Mr. C. H. Davis, the consul, has resigned and returned home. He paid over \$2,000 for traveling expenses and doctors' bills last year.

-Light frosts have fallen at various from the track. points in Wisconsin and Iowa. The damage to the crops is inconsiderable. The weather is e ceptionally cold for the season throughout the West. Frosts have also fallen at Staunton, Va., and in different parts of Pennsylvania.

-The rush for vaccination at Moned to keep back the candidates. It separated that small pox has broken at Richelieu, some miles from atreal. The proposed excursion lew York has been restaurable. treal is so great that policemen are de-tailed to keep back the candidates. It is reported that small pox has broken to New York has been postponed.

-Miss McLeod has arrived in America to lay the claims of the Scotch crofters before her countrymen in the United States, and to make arrangements, if possible, for the transporta-tion of several hundred families to this tion of several hundred families to this country. The immigration is expected design of the monument is in good teste to be very large.

-The New York Republican State Convention will be held at Saratoga on September 22. The State committee adopted resolutions declaring that all voters whose general intention is to trip to New York, act with the party and to promote its success at the next election be invited, without regard to any so-called "fundamental tests," to take part in the primary elections for the delagates.

THE NEWS OF THE STATE.

Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in South Carolina.

—Drought in the upper part of Edgefield is materially affecting crops, principally cotton.

-The Abbeville Medium says this is a most suitable year in which to repeal the Lien Law.

-Milledge Harris the negro for whom the Governor offered a reward has been lodged in Edgefield jail. -The joint council of the Lutherans of Lexington have extended a call to

Rev. Mr. Rahn, formerly of Augusta. -The Teachers' Institute of Lexington county closed on Friday last, after a highly successful session of two -Mrs. Claudia M. Fishburne had been appointed postmistress at Sum-merville, vice Abrens, an obnoxious

Radical. -Adam Williams, the fifth victim of the female poisoner in York, is recovwing. He did not cat so much cake

as the others. -Lucien Douglas, of Abbeville, has one stalk of cotton containing 438 blooms and bolls. It covers 36 square feet of ground.

-Collector Bradley has removed lot of Revenue officials of the old Republican crew and appointed good men in their places.

-Mr. Jacob Kelstler, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Lexington, died on the 13th. His age was nearly nincty. -Mrs. Martha Gable, of Lexington,

has a curiosity in the way of a double egg-two perfect hen eggs joined together at their ends. -The first bale of new cotton in Sumter was bought on Thursday, 20th ult., by O'Donnell & Co., from E.sex

Taylor, for 101 cents. -The supposed murderer of Louan in Union, for whom a reward is offered by the Governor, has been lodged

in jail for identification. -B. F. Welsh, who killed W. C. Moore at Lancaster on Saturday before last, applied to Judge Witherspoon for bail last week, but it was refused. State constitution changing the time -A partridge in York has taken of State elections from October to charge of two young chickens, and when an att npt was made to capte :e the chicks the usually wily bird show-

-An itinerant sleight-of-hand performer has been imposing on the people of Marion. His so-called en-tertainments were "thin," and the tertainments were auditors were wroth.

-Hickson Jackson, a colored man, injured by a locomotive during the storm in Charleston, died on Thursday. Joseph Grant, colored, was struck in the head by a flying brick and badly -A large water moccasin was killed

about ten feet from a pond near Bates-—Floral offerings are being sent to the tomb of General Grant in such profusion that it is thought that it will wriggled and squirmed after the snake was killed. -Mrs. Clara S. Cook, of Aiken, last

> -Dave Abney-colored, who - ed Saluda section of Edgefield, was bitten

> by a dog last May. On the 14th ult., he was attacked by hydrophobia, and after suffering great agony died the 16th. —A negro girl employed by Mr. Monroe Shealy, of Langley, to look after his infant daughter, becoming angry at Mrs. Shealy, took the child in the woods and heat it terribly with a stick. The brute was lodged in jail.

> -Mr. M. C. Longshore, of Silver Street, who is in his sixtieth year and is the father of about a dozen children and of seventeen grandchildren, was made happy last Thursday by the arrival of twins at his house—a boy and a girl.

> -The widow of Col. Jack Burriss, of Edgefield, died recently, under mys-terious circumstances. A bottle containing a preparation of morphine and struchnine was found near her house, which she is supposed to have tasted with fatal results. -A dog took a fit in an Edgefield

> phobia, were in a state of consterna-

Order was finally restored, the

tion. dog was removed, and the sermon was concluded before a demoralized audience. -The 13-year-old son of Jesse Johnson, living about six miles east of Greenville, was killed by a train on the Air-Line railroad on last. The young man and his two

The two brothers escaped by jumping ·—An Egyptian mnmmy has been received at Due West, which is a present from the Rev. John Griffin to Erskine College. This mummy was the daughter of a priest and is recorded to be between three and four thou-sand years old. It has created some

when the train upon them unawares.

-A handsome monument has been crected in the Spartanburg cemetery, to the memory of the late Congressman Jno. H. Evins. It is made of Aberdees gray Scotch granite, highly polished, while the base is of Winneboro granite. and in keeping with the character of the man to whom it is exected. workmanship is excellent.

-Mrs. Strother, of Batesburg banana tree bearing fruit.